A MARKET PLACE IN TANGIER

THE EDGE OF AFRICA

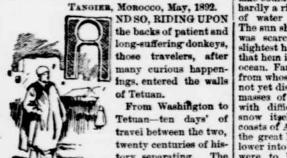
A Trip to Tetuan and Tangier Full of Strange Experiences.

BY SEA AND BY LAND.

BY AND BY LAND.

They spoke that to a degree and with an ease and unanimity that left nothing to be desired. The only reason that there was not more talking while the cargo was being taken on was because there were no more to talk; all that were there managed to talk all the time. But it was charming, just the same, for us to sit there and watch the life and activity in that busy harbor, with the great rock of Gibraltar rising majestically behind it all and dominating the entire scene. We were in no hurry. It is so easy to fall into the spirit of Spain, where manana (tomorrow) answers just as well as to-day. and Patient Donkeys-Decay but NoChange.

Staff Correspondence of The Evening Star. TANGIER, MOROCCO, May, 1892.



Morocco, May, 1892.

ND SO, RIDING UPON
the backs of patient and long-suffering donkeys, those travelers, after

The sun shone clear from a sky in which there was scarce a cloud to be seen and only the slightest haze enveloped the great mountains that hem in the southern shores of that inland many curious happenings, entered the walls of Tetuan.

From Washington to
Tetuan—ten days' of
travel between the two,
twenty centuries of history separating. The
nineteenth century on the one hand, on the

efore the Christian era, or time it is easy to rejoice. There is no telling what the night may bring forth. since, for that matter, for there is no change or progress in this land. Today is as a thousand years ago, and life and all that goes to make it up are much the same. It is the spirit of the Jackal were not such as would commend the country; the people would not have it other- boat to the traveling public in America. Back wise, and the sultan has expressed only the wish that he may leave his kingdom in precisely the same condition that his grandfather left it when he died. To the sightseer, with an eye for the de died. To the sightseer, with an eye for the curious and interesting, this is a landable undertaking, for from his point of view Morocco has a charm that no other place can have. To live in it for a space of time is like living ancient history. It would be desecration to change sught of the place. It would be like fitting a pair of arms to the Venus of Milo.

one of the most interesting features of his ory and the part he has played in the development of civilization is not a mean one. As an architect and builder he stands almost ungivaled and it has been said, with reason, that during the time that the Moors held Spain they did more for that country than the Spaniards have ever done. They are satisfied with life as they have received it from their forefathers and they have received it from their forefathers and it is for that reason, more than any other, that they preserve the customs of a by-gone age and make them the customs of the present. Here upon a coast that is in full sight of Europe there is none of the spirit of unrest, no desire for change, that makes life in some of the great cities a rather uncertain quantity and May day a time to be dreaded. "Change and decay in all around I see," wrote the hymnologist. The elsewhere for the change. It would never do to visit Morocco for the purpose of criticising and comparing. Even the American tourist who is said to have remarked after his return me that Switzerland was all well enough to me that Switzerland was all well enough in its way, but for scenery give him Illinois, would probably realize that in Morocco he had found a country where life was something different from anything with which he was acquainted and which could not be measured by the same btandards as apply in the new world.

MOROCCO'S CITIES. With the exception of Fez, one of the four capitals of Morocco, and one or two other of the inland cities, Tetuan is perhaps the most Interesting city in Morocco. Fez is so remote from the coast and so difficult of access as to hold out few inducements to the average traveler and even Tetuan is well off the beaten paths of travel. Tangier is the place with which most tourists, who profess to know Morocco, have had to do, and Tangier is but a few hours' sail from Gibraltar, and is blessed with good hotels and has in other ways felt the touch of a European civilization. But Tetuan, as Mr. Kipling would say, is another story. The travelers who do go there usually go from The travelers who do go there usually go from here on mule back, the journey taking a fall day, as the distance is about fourteen lengues. Seven of which are said to be up steep mountains and the other even down the other side. That is the unexpected feature about the scenery in this part of North Africa: it is about

The STAR's correspondent has been with a party to Tetnan and we did not go by way of Tangier, either. Had we known beforehand what sort of a trip' t was going to be we should probably ne to have gone, and this letter, like most books of travel, would have had its account of Morecco made up from a visit to Tangier. Having gone, however, nothing could ould take the pen of a skillful writer to chronscle them properly. They were unique if not



a big stone house or castle on the right of the road, and here we were stopped again by a large Spanish gentleman, who only spoke about forty words of English altogether, but who finally managed to make us understand that he was the captain of the port, and as such forbade us to travel toward the town by night. The hubbub was now maddening and became even worse when the head donkey driver, an antiquity in turban and long white robe, learned from "el capitan" that he would have to give back the English pound which he had extorted from us for the use of his animals. This was the worst yet, and there that little band of strangers sat on their donkeys in the darkness, wondering what was going to happen next, and Washing-Jackal was not much bigger than a Potomac river tug boat, or there is no telling when they ever would have got her loaded. The crew of the vessel looked much like the chorus in an

The Mediterranean was as smooth as a tiny lake could have been. There was no breeze and

ocean. Far away to the south were rugged peaks from whose summits the snow of winter had not yet disappeared, while above others hung masses of white, billowy clouds, that were only

esque lateen sails. All was novel; all was beauti-ful, and we were glad we had come. In the day

ON BOARD THE JACKAL.

of the smokestack and raised above the deck,

vas awning. Here we were to spend the after-noon. Beyond a few wide bunks below for the

crew, there were no sleeping places on board, but there was a small cabin in the bow, into

which a dozen people might have crowded

The only other passengers on board were a man and his daughter, the former being a doctor of

good day, that the wind was not blowing and

A WATER SELLER WITH SKIN RESERVOIR

ne of business. The distribution of sor

merican pennies as curios among the crew

nade them friends for all time and brought out

ortuguese wine, which they used instead of

ter with their meals. It was via very ordi-

nire, but the toasts they proposed sounded as hough they were all right, and ours of "Here's

oking at you" also seemed to give satisfaction.

What completely won the warm heart of Fran-cisco, however, was the gift of a cigar, which

he was solemnly informed was made in New York. He showed it to every man on the boat,

telling them is history, and then when he dis-carded his eigarette and lighted the eigar it was

with an air that showed that as a connoisseur he considered New York eigers the very finest article

in the world. He would only smoke a little of it at a time, lighting up at an interval of a half

hour or so. Whether that treatment improved the flavor of a eigar that had come across the

Atlantic and was already rank with the taste of the salt water is a matter that others

must determine. Curiously enough, Francisco was our devoted friend and ally till the time

when we parted at Tangier.

A strict conception of time is an unknown

article in this section of the world, and our "three hours' sail" lasted so long that it was al-

most sundown when we cast anchor in the shall

most sundown when we cast anchor in the shallow water about a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the river Martin, which flows past the city where we would be. But where was Tetuan? Way off up the valley, some seven miles or more from the coast, was a mass of white that rested on the slopes of the foothills, beautiful in the evening light, but, oh, so far away! Closer looking showed that this was a walled city. Tetuan. There was nothing to

a walled city, Tetuan. There was nothing to break the view up the prairie-like alluvial val-ley but here and there a white stone house and at the mouth of the river an old moorish fort-

ress. No hotel, no waiting omnibus—a piensant prospect for strangers in a strange land! It would not have been so bad but for the fact that three of our small party were ladies, who were not accustomed to sleeping out of doors in Africa or walking an uncertain distance over maknown ground by night.

LANDING IN APRICA. There was nothing to do now but to make the

inknown ground by night.

The passenger accommodations on board the

what was going to happen next, and Washing-ton and home seemed very far away. None of us spoke. The natives did all the talking and we had nothing to say—we were not in it to any we had nothing to say—we were not in it to any considerable extent.

"Does anybody zare spik Inglis?" came a voice from the roof of the castle.

Four of us demonstrated the fact at once, and a little later the man with the welcome voice came down and joined in the trouble, and after this curious welcome to the new country had gone on for what seemed like an hour we were told in the worst broken English that ever prought good news that "el capitan" was willbrought good news that "el capitan" was will-ing that we should have a room in the barracks for the night, and that we might go on our way at daylight. And that was our first night in

THE CAPTAIN OF THE POST TAKES A HAND.

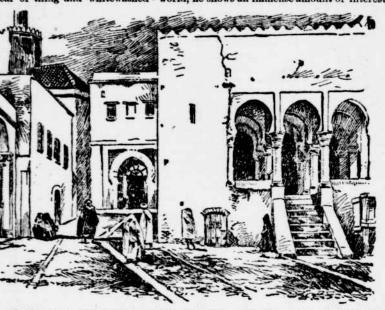
IN BARRACKS FOR THE NIGHT. The house was built around a court yard or patio that also took the place of a stable. A part of the building, a true Moorish structure with a great deal of tiling and whitewashed



A STREET IN TETUAN.

an excuse for a carriage that is used only be tween the dock here in Tangier and one of the hotels. From a survey of the streets and roads any one would prefer a donkey or else walk.

Six hours spent in going around the town of Tetuan gave us a very good idea of the place, although one might stay there a week and still not exhaust its. not exhaust its resources in the way of furnishing novel and curious experiences. Soon after we made our entrance into the city we were taken in charge by the American consular agent, Mr. Isaac Cohen, a most agreeable and attentive gentleman and almost the only-one in the town who could speak good United States. He devoted the entire morning to looking to the pleasure of his fellow countrymen, for, though a native of Morocco, he is a naturalized citizen of New York and says that he intends some day to go back to America to live. Like a great number of other people in this part of the



TANGIER POLICE COURT ON LEFT, JAIL ON RIGHT.

take our chances together in the unknown world. An investigation of the boat on which we were brought out the fact that one of the sailors could talk a little English. This was Francisco, brother of the captain, an Italian born in Morocco and now living in Spain. He spoke Moorish like an Othello, though it took some trouble for us to grasp the statements he made in English that it was a American portion taking one room and the Belshock not a proportion of the manner. We were shown to a big tiled room on the section of the seeds of understanding broadcast in the Moorish mind. The moorish quarter that was such a successful feature of the Paris exposition bids fair to be reproduced on an even larger scale in Chicago.

But what a leap from Chicago back to Tetuan! Properly to describe the latter would require a American portion taking one room and the Belshock not a previous for the properly to describe the latter would require a properly to the latter that was a properly to the latter American portion taking one room and the Bel- | book, not a portion of a newspaper column, so gians the other, and after a simple repast of droll and interesting is this relic of other days, oranges and unleavened bread we prepared to be comfortable on a lounge and a couple of mattresses that were spread out on the stone floor. case, and in some parts of Morocco the Jews are the has done everything in order to It was not luxurious by any means, but when not allowed to walk on the side of the street on avoid a possible defeat and to assure the captain said, with a bow that was as graceful as one could expect of so portly a man, "Not much; all I have," we assured him in a language made up mostly of smiles and gestures that it was just exactly what we wanted.

UP BETIMES. It was 3:30 in the morning and still far from daylight when our host routed us out and gave us to understand that breakfast would soon be ready. This meal consisted of hard bread, eggs, goats' milk cheese and black coffee. It did not long delay us and by 5 o clock we were on the donkeys that were waiting outside and headed for the distant city. The senior female mem-ber of the party was mounted on a small Barb horse, which the captain of the port placed at her disposal. She was supplied with a saddle that looked as if it had been made from two thicknesses of hair mattress. It was covere with a brilliant red cloth and fitted with an im It was covered mense pair of iron stirrups, on which the rider's feet rested as on a pair of stove lids. "Oh. if I only had a bloomer costume?" re-

marked the lady from Washington as she was lifted up and placed astride of this great saddie. In view of the situation no one can won-der at the wish. Fortunately she was supplied with a thick veil, and her mind was more at ease when she discovered that in Morocco it is the fishion for women to keep their faces cov-ered, to the utter neglect of the other end of their snatomy.

It was 7 of the clock when we entered the quaint and curious old town of Tetuan. Around it is a great stone wall and from above the main entrance looking down the valley are several antique cannon that, for the safety of the population behind them, really ought never to be fired. In point of ground covered the city is not large by any means, but the streets are very narrow, rarely more than eight feet are very narrow, rarely more than eight feet are very narrow, rarely more than eight feet are very narrow. from door to door, and the houses are packed in in a way that no building inspector ever would permit. The population of the city is said to be about 22,000, of which number 15,000 are taken place. Still we made a few purchases— Moors, the remainder being Jews, who live in a separate quarter of the city and are subject to many restrictions placed upon them by the dominant class. This enumeration of the the price of an article. The dusky merchant the price of an article. The dusky merchant class are the contract of the contract of the price of an article.



and his daughter, the former being a doctor of natural sciences from Belgium. They spoke no English at all, and our French was not much more extensive, but we managed to strike up quite a friendship for the time being, and as they, too, were on their way to Tetuan to see what manner of place it was, we decided to take our chances together in the unknown and goats in a most indiscriminate manner.

The specification of the best on which the section of the post on which the section of the prospect for the Columbian exposition, and, like them also, expresses his intention of going to Chicago next year. Among those whose names are in the visitors' book at the hotel here told was the sergeant of the guard, while all around were scattered Moorish soldiers, donkeys and goats in a most indiscriminate manner.

We were all the prospect for the Columbian exposition, and, like them also, expresses his intention of going to Chicago next year. Among those whose is Mr. Fred Brackett of Washington, one of the world's fair foreign commissioners, and judging by what we have seen and heard he has sown and goats in a most indiscriminate manner.



A MUSICIAN FROM THE INTERIOR. which a mosque is built and they are even here forbidden to wear white robes, a garment that the Moors reserve for their own use. One of people is: of course, a mere estimate, for a census in such a place would be an utter impossibility from the very way in which the people half to two-thirds as large as the first. The Moor would look hurt at the suggestion, but without more ado we would wrap up the article ourselves and give him the money we had fixed upon. He appeared to be satisfied after it was all over.

There was nothing to do now but to make the best of our bargain, so we climbed down the store than a little uncertainty as to the same the state of the best of our bargain, so we climbed down the store than a little uncertainty as to the same than the best of our bargain, so we climbed down the store than a little uncertainty as to the same than the best of our bargain, so we climbed down the store than a little uncertainty as to the same than the best of the bedien same than the same than the

THE OPEN MARKET PLACES in Tetuan are regular beehives in point of

crowd and activity, and intensely amusing as well. Apparently the people from the sur-rounding country had brought in to sell their pittances of vegetables and fruit or a few hand-fuls of grain. These were spread out in wicker platters on the ground or sold from the backs platters on the ground or sold from the backs of donkeys in amounts of the most homeopathic description. The grain is always sold unground, as each house is supplied with small hand mills, and the cook grind; her flour as she needs it for bread. The medium of exchange used in most of these transactions is a copper coin of large size and apparently very small value. A small urchin, who followed us around the streets, finally bargained with me for the transfer of five of these coins for an English penny. Later he gave me seven more for a penny. Later he gave me seven more for a nair penny, and later when I came to inquire the value of my collection I found that if I put a few more to it I should have the equivalent of an American cent altogether. With what I had I might "be able to buy a small bunch of

and interpreter. In the latter capacity he could hardly be considered a success owing to the limited amount of English at his command, but he understood the situation, knew what was wanted and usually managed to get it. After a deal of scurrying around he corralled a collection of scurrying around he corralled a collection of miniature donkeys, each one provided with a nimble-footed donkey boy, who ran beside and urged the beast along. We mounted with a nimble-footed donkey boy, who ran beside and urged the beast along. We mounted and plunged into the Dark Continent, dark in a literal sense by this time. Saddles there were none, their place being taken by huge arrangements, resembling meal bags more than anything else, that left the rider in much the position of one who sits on the floor and tries to let his feet hang over. But Tetuan and the prospect of a supper were ahead and there was no talk now of going back.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE PORT TAKES A HAND. where a strong current sets in from the Atlantic to make good the losses by evaporation in the Mediterranean. It was midnight when Tangier was reached—too late to be taken ashore that night—so we slept, after a fashion, all huddled up on the benches in the little cabin forward. And that was one according to the first was reached. And that was our second night in Africa.

Tangier is very much like Tetuan, only "not quite so much so." Although not one of the capitals of Morocco, it is the residence of the

capitals of Morocco, it is the residence of the foreign ministers and consuls, who transact most of their business through the medium of the sultan's minister of foreign affairs, who makes his headquarters here. Many of the foreign representatives have their residences in the country just outside the city walls. The United States consulate proper is in the heart of the town, but the consul general, Col. Felix Matthews, has a place out on the slopes of Mount Washington, which is generally regarded as being the finest of all these suburban homes. This is rather gratifying to Americans here, as is also the fact that the American representative seems to be the most popular and respected member of the diplomatic corps.

STRANGE SIGHTS AND INCIDENTS.

learned that we had been so fortunate as to the mouth and chin, having a fatigued and furrowed face, yet with some color of the chammedan calendar, the day that marks the close of the Ramadan, or thirty days of fasting. I should think of blue. His dress was what might have been that of a genteel sport or transitions as each necessary of the story, called the story called the s interesting spectacles often seen by American eyes—the procession of the pasha or governor of the province and his team returning from the mosque on the hill above the city. They were mounted on superb Barb horses, richly capari-soned, and attended by all sorts of officials and Soldiers in all sorts of outlandish costumes. The music that was furnished by the bands from the interior of Africa would probably have got the performers into trouble with the police if they tried it on in Washington, but in that procession it was one of the least startling fea-ures. As compared with that exhibition an American circus parade is not to be monstored in the same afternoon. But then in this country one never quite knows what is going to happen next, and he soon ceases to be surprised at anything. The fact that at the English hotel hand the country in order to get through the here the proprietor, in order to get through the day, has to speak English, French, German, Moorish, Spanish and Portuguese gives but a faint idea of the cosmopolitan nature of Tangier. For example, the head waiter at the table d'hote is a Frenchman in evening dress. His assistants are bare-legged Moors in fezes and red lackets. What a congret. red jackets. What a country!

POLITICS IN EUROPE.

War Expenses of the Great Powers-Other

Important statistics on the financial power the principal European powers and also on their military forces have been warmly discussed this week across the Atlantic. They are furnished by German and Italian and French newspapers known for their reliability. The Berliner Wener Militarische Blatter affirms that while other nations have their reserve only in the safes of the national banks, Germany has stored in the Fortress of Spandau 150,-000,000 marks in gold, which have been lying there unproductive for twenty years. The German statistics fix the treasury of war of the empire at 947,000,000 marks, Austria-Hungary's at 547,000,000, Italy's at 200,000,000, viz., a total for the triple alliance of 1,694,000,000 as against 2,361,000,000 francs of France alone. England is reported for 568,000,000 and Belgium for 101,000,000.

The Perseveranza of Milan, commenting on the old and the new cabinet, says: "The sphinx that has caused the dissolution of Di Rudin's ministry may act in the same way toward the cabinet Giolitti and other foreign cabinets. The ministers of war do not sto asking for money, whether under the plea for weapons or for fortifications. Budgets of war, already so high all over Europe, threaten to grow bigger every day. When a nation thinks victory, mechanic and chemic sciences come in st governments will be compelled sooner or later to give in, as the most obdurate and rich-est nations are now getting tired." This year the German minister of war has asked for an extraordinary credit of \$10,000,000, the Swiss a neutral country) \$10,000,000. The min-ster of war of Sweden asks \$21,000,000 for the reorganization of the army and \$54,000,000 for military constructions (and Sweden has only 6,500,000 inhabitants). The budget of ruined Portugal for the war departnent for 1892 sums up to 35,700,000 marks, taly's minister of war asks for ≨9,000,000 extra on the already heavy war budget, and so on.
"Hence, among a number of evils coming from uch an abnormal state of things," concludes he Italian newspaper, "is the spread of social-

The European armies are quoted by French statistics:	as follows
Standing army in time of peace. Russia 770 (e0) France 524, 797 Germany 449, 239 Austria 291, 678 Enriund 236 195 Ltaly 170,000 Turkey 150,000 Spain 147,527	On a war footing. 3.200.000 3.750.000 5.670.000 1,072.000 644.753 2,119.250 439.000 400.000

KAISER, CZAR AND KING. The Emperor of Germany has received a letter from King Humbert announcing that he will visit Berlin with Queen Margaret now that the cabinet crisis is at an end in Italy. As already stated in The Star, that visit will coincide with the coming to Berlin of the Czar of Eussia on his way to Copenhagen. No doubt such a triangular meeting in the present state of Europe has a special meaning and will have a serious influence on the destinies of the near future. A Russian diolomat remarked lately on the subject "that this will be the first time that the Emperor of Russia and the King of Italy will meet, adding that the visit of the crown prince of Italy to St. Petersburg last year has created a current of new relations between the two rulers and that their meeting at Berlin, as guests of the

kaiser, must be considered as a sign of peace-ful dispositions for Europe.

The article on Italy, attributed to Bismarck, that appeared in the Hamburger Nachtringen has created a great impression all over Europe, as the retired iron chancello; advises Germany "not to compel Italy to an increase of her mili-tary forces, already important, so that the Ital-ian government will be obliged to resort to new taxes, which would provoke discomfort all over Italy." The opinion of the French press is that Italy ought to leave the triple alliance at once and avail herself of the facilities of the Paris exchange, where capitalists would pull her out of her present financial difficulties. The German and Italian press stand more by the line indicated by Bismarck and predict that the meeting at Berlin will give Italy the opportunity to explain to Germany and Austria her situation in full, with the view of obtaining temporary relief from increasing

of obtaining temporary relief from increasing her army.

Other European papers discuss the outcome of the meeting at Berlin, and the general opinion, where political or national feelings are kept within the limits of facts and reason, is that the triple alliance is indissoluble at present. This is proved by the fall of Bismarck and the subsequent policy of Caprivi, as well as by the recent change of the direction of Italian affairs, both of which left the triple alliance undisturbed. As Austria was granted a stay in her war expenses, Italy also will, owing to her present situation, Italy also will, owing to her present situndoubtedly be granted the same favor.

FRANCE AND THE NEW TARIFF. The new "protective tariff" adopted by the French government against the advice of Jules Simon and the strong opposition of the free Simon and the strong opposition of the free exchange French party begins to bring the bad results foretold by the latter. There is already noticeable, says. French economist, a diminution in the discount of the Eank of France, which, should the downward direction be continued, would reach by the end of the year a million. A significant fact, which has caused much discussion this week in Paris, is that French exports since the month of January have suffered a diminution of \$7,000,000 francs. This is creating much discontent.

Entertainments Given by the Great English Novelist.

He Commenced to Read His Own Works-His Farewell Appearance.



crossing between the

been born in 1812; a man of striking person, but indifferent presence. The features were regu-lar and fine, though plain, and wore a haggard, overworked expression, which told of a restless brain and too much toil. The forehead, bare at the temples, was broad and low at the top, with wrinkles on the brow. The hair, once so with wrinkles on the brow. The hair, once so luxuriant, was thin and gray, and rather foppishly frizzled at the sides. A mustache and grizzled goatee graced his face. A dress coat, with silk or satin lapels, black trousers with a stripe down the leg, a low-cut velvet vest with gilt buttons, a brace of gold guards, one running from either waistcoat pocket, as if he carried two watches with a great locket, in he carried two watches, with a great locket in the middle, and a frilled shirt front, with the middle, and a frilled shirt front, with a huge diamond cluster in the ruffle, made up his showy, conspicuous and somewhat cockney attire. A predigious bouquet was on his left breast and lemon-colored kid gloves covered his sinewy hands. He suggested or seemed to be some sort of a "swell;" yet it would have been difficult to classify him correctly among the swell species. Strictly speaking he was not a patrician swell; nor a plebeian swell, nor a military swell in citizens' clothes, nor a professional swell, nor a theatrical swell, nor a fessional swell, nor a theatrical swell, nor a shopkeeping swell, nor was he a snobbish swell at all, but a happy combination of all kinds of swells. Yet, perhaps, it was not "swell" at all, but simply the original Charles Dickens style, the Bayesaye the Bozesque.

Dickens was a versatile reader, a clever light comedian, highly humorous, unique and satisfying. His heroes were gallant, generous gentlemen; his heroines agreeable ladies, though ever much the same. His comic personages, Micawber, Traddles, Barkis, were racy of rendition and very laugh provoking. The description of the storm at Yarmouth and the wreck upon in the raging sea, was effectively read and tell-ingly pictured. When he had finished the story Dickens bowed abruptly and hastily stepped behind the screen again, leaving his audience somewhat surprised at his sudden exhit. It was evident that he was there for business and meant to make money and did not want to waste any time about it, either. After ten minutes' intermission he suddenly reappeared at his desk, volume in hand, and immediately resumed his

reading.

Away he went again at his subject, "Bob Sawyer's Party," with the boisterous glee of a school boy at intermission. He had a most comical way of repeating over and over, in rattling, rollicking tone, the word "necklace," which infantile appendage, it will be readily re-membered, the unfortunate baby. Jack Hop-kins hospital patient, had surreptitiously swal-lowed, to the terror of its parents and the strange alarm of the street. This incident was very farcical and convulsing and brought tears of mirth to many eyes. At the close of the chapter Dickens bowed and bolted from the chapter bleachs bowed and boiled from the platform as before, not waiting to acknowledge the applause so heartily bestowed upon him. His illustrations of character were unquestion-ably above those of the average stock actor, although the voice lacked strength and the

gestures grace.

While in New York on this visit Dickens stayed at the Westminster Hotel in Irving place with his manager, Dolby, having apartments with a private entrance from the street, so as to permit of his stepping out for an air-ing whensoever he chose without the annoy-ance of attracting attention.

DICKENS' FIRST SERIES OF READINGS. The first series of Charles Dickens' famous readings were had at Birmingham, England, during the Christmas week of 1853. Three a state of agitation for months past, yet the readings were given for the benefit of the Scientrolley retains its grip, the syndicate controlling

on his own account.

Mr. Dickens, however, had publicly rehearsed as a reader at Peterborough in the corn exchange, writes an eyewitness of the scene. A fortnight before the reading every place was taken at half a guinea, for the benefit of the Mechanics' Institute. Dickens himself went down and superintended the arrangements, so anxious was he for the result. At one end of the hall he had caused to be erected a tall pulpit of red baize, as much like a Punch and Judy show with the top taken off as anything else. This was to be the reader's rostrum. But as the fall red pulpit looked lanky and very comical stuck up there alone two dummy pulpits of similar construction were placed one on each side to bear it company. When the reader mounted into the middle box nothing was visible of him but his head and shoulders. So if it on his own account. ble of him but his head and shoulders. So if i be really true, as was stated afterward by an indiscreet supernumerary, that Mr. Dickens' leg shook under him from first to last the audienc shook under him from first to last the audience knew nothing about it. The whole character of the stage arrangements suggested that Mr. Dickens was sure of his head, but not quite so sure of his legs. It was the "Christmas Carol" that he read, for the night was Christmas Carol" that he read, for the night was Christmas carol" that he clock struck the appointed hour a kindly, jovial face, unrelieved by the heavy mustache which the novelist afterward assumed, a broad high forchead, and a perfectly Micawber-like expanse of shirt collar and front appeared above the red baize box, and a full, sonorous voice rang out, "Marley was dead to begin with"—then paused for an instant as if to take in the character of the audience. No need of with"—then paused for an instant as if to take in the character of the audience. No need of further hesitation. The voice held all spell-bound. Its depth of quiet feeling when the ghost of past Christmases led the dreamer through the long-forgotten scenes of his boyhood; its embodiment of burly good nature when old Fezziwig's calves were twinkling in the dance; its tearful suggestiveness when the spirit of Christmases to come pointed to the nettle-grown, neglected grave of the unloved, unloving man; its exquisite pathos by the suffering side of Tiny Tim, dwell yet in the tradition like a long-known tune. That one night's reading in that quaint little city, so curiously brought about, so ludicrous almost in its surroundings, committed Charles Dickens to the career of a public reader; and he afterward derived nearly as large an income from his readings as from the copyright of his novels. His receipts for public readings from his own works during his last visit to the United States amounted to some twenty thousand pounds sterling, clear of all incidental expenses, during the space of six months.

HIS ENTRANCE ON THE PLATFORM.

that his voice was limited in power, husky and naturally monotonous, and that he had patiently and partially succeeded in overcoming these defects by the force of his will and his fine

An Incident of Decoration defects by the force of his will and his fine dramatic genius. He employed the rising inflection, never altogether coming to a full stop. It is difficult to see how the "Christmas Carol, with its twenty-three different characters, could have been read or acted better. There never was a more beautiful sermon. Church and charity are not always synonymous.

this graceful tribute in the following words: "Before allowing Dr. Marigold to tell his story "Before allowing Dr. Marigold to tell his story in his own peculiar way I kiss the kind, fair hands, unknown, which have so beautifully decorated my table this evening." At the end of the reading the reader endeavored in vain to retire—persistent friends demanded one word more. Returning to his desk, pale, with tears in his eyes and a broken voice, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I beg most earnestly, most youthful visitor, "the dilatance is too great for you to cover, and then, again, you might get lost."

"Before allowing Dr. Marigold to tell his story years approach the commanding officer of division and salute him in true military style. "Captain," began the boy, "I want to go over with the soldiers. My papa was a soldier, but he was killed at Antietam." "My dear little man," replied the officer, as he gazed at his youthful visitor, "the dilatance is too great for you to cover, and then, again, you might get lost."

"Some of the soldiers will take care of me, "Some of the soldiers will take care of me, ineffaceably impressed upon my memory. One bleak winter morning that the Dickens nights were "the most de-

in 1867 I met him face | lightful evenings of his life."

Broadway at 23d brilliant and memorable series of readings street. He was unwhich had for sixteen years delighted andiences.

Broadway at 23d brilliant and memorable series of readings He walked to the curb-stone and scatting himself cried as if his little heart would break. The Broadway at 23d brilliant and memorable series of readings strange sights and incidents.

Does any one wonder that a good hotel was a welcome sight after our first two nights in the country? Then, too, upon our arrival we English looking, with an American beard about It was the 15th of March, 1870, and Mr. Dickens the place that his father would break. The unexampled in numbers. Every portion of available space in St. James Hall, London, was occupied some time before the appointed hour. It was the 15th of March, 1870, and Mr. Dickens the place that his father would break. The console him, for his heart was fixed on filling the place that his father would have occupied

HIS APPEARANCE AND ATTIRE.

I had never seen him without his hat, and, consequently, looked at him with interest. He was at that time fifty-five years of age, having been born in 1812; a man of striking regrets but the string reg In the poet's corner I stood for some time engaged in examining the marble busts adorned with rainbow colors from the marigold oriel window. The bust of Thackery, upon a pedestal, caused me to think of Dickens, who had died at Gad's Hill only the year before, and I glanced around in vain to find his monument. Chancing to look down I saw that it was at my feet—a plain flat slab of stone with the simple inscription in brass letters. "Charles Dickens" inscription in brass letters, "Charles Dickens," the respective dates of his birth and decease It was the grave of Boz.

And as one stands and ponders all these things, A child's small voice comes cheery to the ear, And Tiny Tim a Christmas carol Sines, As on the grave of Dickens fails a tear. DAVID GRAHAM ADEE.

PHILADELPHIA AND THE TROLLEY. Mayor Stuart Obeys the Public Voice and

Mayor Stuart of Philadelphia Thursday retoed the trolley ordinance passed by the city ouncil authorizing the mayor to enter into a contract with the Traction Company for the construction of the trolley roads authorized various legal considerations involved, the mayor based his veto on the fact that the people of Philadelphia were opposed to the introduction of the dangerous trolley in the streets of the city.

The mayor in his veto said: "I regret at all times to have to differ with the legislative bodies of the city government upon questions affecting the welfare of the municipality, but there is no doubt in my mind that at the presthe city of any more poles and overhead wires, and more particularly in the business and densely populated districts, and as the streets of the city are the property of her people, they should at all times have the right to say what obstructions shall be placed upon them, and I am determined that I will never by an act of mine grant permission to use the streets in any way in opposition to what I believe to be the will of the people."

A GRAND CONFIDENCE GAME. The Philadelphia Telegraph in an editorial

on the situation in that city said: "The friends and advocates of the cheap, nasty and perilous trolley have never to this moment, and for the obvious reason that they cannot do so, satisfactorily answered the manifold objections so strongly urged against the introduction of this most undesirable system of electric transit into the very heart of this great city. The trolley is a cheap and nasty device electrical transit experimenters. The whole science of electrical application is really but yet in its infancy, and the trolley never would have received serious consideration, much less practical recognition, at many points but for practical recognition, at many points but for the weariness of the people of cities and towns with the slow modes of local transit in opera-tion for years past. The trolley was rushed to the front as something that could readily be adapted to all sorts of places, easily put up, easily operated and easily removed when found desirable or necessary. So it was thus fastened upon many communities, careless of the future. The whole thing has been a grand confidence game from the beginning. Some of the cities which were taken in by the trolley promoters speedily saw their error, but when too late to pro-tect the public. Boston, for instance, has been in tific and Literary Society in the Bermingham town hall, and Mr. Dickens, during the next people, only being intent upon keeping its hold, five years, read similarly for charitable purposes both in London and the provinces. But it was was not until 1858 that he began to read on his own account. trolley is allowed to get a foothold here.

With its towering mountains that pierce the sky. And oceans and streams with their cbb and flow.

Our hopes, fears, doubts, our mirth and woe; Our pleasures that ever so swiftly fly; Our lives that to death so surely go;

What do they all mean? The mind's vast powers, and love's warm glow; The forces whose fountainheads ne'er run dry;

What do they all mean?

-W. L. SHORMAKER.

SOUTHERN LYNCHINGS.

Bishop Fitzgerald Makes Some Perti A special dispatch from Atlanta quotes an interview with Bishop Fitzgerald, the Southern

Methodist chairman, with reference to th

lynchings of negroes in the south.

"With regard to these," he said, "two or three things may be said. First, that the unspeakable crime for which they were lynched outlaws the perpetrator, whether white or black, in every part of the United States. Frequent lynchings have occurred from time to time in the north, but they appear to be forgotten entirely. The white man in the south who is guilty of the same crime meets an awful doom as swiftly as does the black man. It is notable that in all the spasms of indignation against the southern people because of these lynchings no word of sympathy has been spoken for the white women who were their

SERGEANT BILLY.

HIS STYLE AND MANNER.

Charles Dickens gave his farewell reading in this country in Boston on the evening of April 8, 1868. Upon his entrance a pleasant surprise awaited him. His reading stand had been decorated with flowers and palm leaves by some ladies of the city. He at once acknowledged to the same who gave their function to their memory. The veterans were awaited him. His reading stand had been decorated with flowers and palm leaves by some ladies of the city. He at once acknowledged to the same who gave their lives for their country's same who gave their lives for their country had been decorated with flowers and palm leaves by some lates their lives for their country had been decorated with flowers and palm leaves by some lates their lives for their country had been decorated with flowers and palm leaves by some lates the lives and the lives had been decorated with flowers an sake. While waiting for the procession to move I noticed a fair-haired lad of pechaps eleven

captain, if you'll let me go," quickly replied the

to face on the diagonal crossing between the Fifth Avenue Hotel and Pickwick" Mr. Dickens brought to a close the I should think of blue. His dress was what might have been that of a genteel sport or actor of a generation since; a billycock hat, a double-breasted monkey jacket of dark plaid stuff, tight gray or drab pants and heavy enameled-leather shoes, and he carried jauntily a cane or knob stick. He was walking fast, for his after-breakrast exercise, probably, it being a bout nine or half-past, in the morning. The second time I saw Mr. Dickens was at one of England later in the same year. It was held in Steinway Hall, 14th street.

At 8 o'clock to the minute Mr. Dickens was at one of England later in the same year. It was held in secting himself, laid his book upon a small reading desk, lighted by a row of garish gas in esselike way he at once addressed his audience, and set off with "David Copperfield."

HIS APPEARANCE AND ATTIRE.

I had never seen him without his hat, and, to the description of passed a morning to onsecuently, looked at him with interest. He consequently, looked at him with interest. and comrade, Bill Kennedy, whose parched lips he had moistened in his dying moments and re-ceived a blessing for it. "Attention" thus dered down the line. Immediately the column had obeyed the order, "Forward, march," and, amid the strains of music, the soldiers moved on their patriotic mission. Billy was with them, marching close to Cleeland's side. His little form was nobly erect; his little gun carried with military precision. He was as proud as a peacock and perhaps a little vain, for he wanted his schoolmates to see him marching with real soldiers. The procession headed up the becutiful avenue to the grounds of the Executive ful avenue to the grounds of the Executive
Mansion, where they were reviewed by President Grant. The general, together with a number of army officers, was standing on
the portico, and as the tattered battle
flags met his gaze he displayed a beautiful
kerchief—a complete American flag—and
waved it to and fro. It slipped from his fingers
and fell to the ground just as killy research.

and fell to the ground just as Billy passed. The little fellow picked it up and was about to hand it back as the general said, "Keep it, my boy, keep it." Billy's joy knew no bounds—a hand-kerchief from the President; what news he would have to tell his mother; how proud she would be. All the way up the long avenue he kept looking at his present, scarcely heeding the strain from the long march; but at last the construction of the trolley roads authorized under the previous seven ordinances. The veto was sustained by the select council by a vote of more than three to one. Besides the "What's the matter, sergeant?" he said to Billy "I-I-I'm afraid I can't go much further." sobbed the boy; "I'm tired out, but I ain't going to give up." Cleeland saw that the young hero was in a pitiable condition and that every but an instant ere he had the boy scated com-fortably on his shoulders, and in this way Billy reached Arlington. The soldiers had prepared a bountiful lunch, to which Billy did ample justhe avenues of the silent city a goodly number of people were strewing the graves of the fallen heroes with beautiful flowers, while the bands played solemn dirges. Clee-land directed the boy to his father's grave and an affecting scene occurred. The little fellow knelt beside the grave while he read the inscription upon the tombstone. For awhile he was overcome with grief, and his sobs brought tears to many who had heard the lad's story through Recland. After his tears had spent themselves he raised his head and, while yet kneeding, de-livered a most beautiful and touching prayer, whose eloquence completely surprised those who had been attracted to the spot. At the conclusion of the prayer the bugle sounded the commencement of the day's services. "I must take this home to mamma," he said as he plucked a flower from the grave and pinned it on his breast. Billy was conveyed to the platform, and just before the closing of the services, as many of the officers had heard of the boy's devotion, by request he, too, addressed the audience. Ladies kissed him, old veterans stroked his head, and then and there he was unanimously dubbed "Sergeant Billy." Upon reaching horse, in the greatest excitement, he related in full detail a history of his day's

> given him. "God bless and protect you, my noble boy, also the good soldiers who treated you so kindly," said the mother.
>
> Sergeant Billy was not forgotten. A committee from one of the Grand Army posts waited upon his mother, and learning of her poverty had her placed in more comfortable circumstances and secured a pension for her, Billy was kept at school and applied himself diligently and successfully, and upon reaching the required age and receiving the designation passed a very creditable examination for admission into the United States Military Academy at West Point. He is now an officer in the regular army, but never forgets his good old friend Cleeland and the deep debt of gratitude he ower the G. A. R. Cleeland, though now gray and bowed with age, is a constant visitor "Sergeant Billy's" home and always received

doings to his mother and gave her the flower and the hundkerchief which the President had

THE COURTS.

COURT IN GENERAL TERM - Chief Justice Bino ham and Judges James and Bradley. Yesterday-United States agt. Cooper; exce ons to order of May 24 filed. Belt agt. Lewis; on hearing.

EQUITY COURT-Judge Hagner Yesterday—Tolman agt. Tolman; rule on de-fendant. Davis agt. Jackson; seie ratified nisi. Walter agt. Walter; do. Stewart, do.; final reference to auditor. Barnerd, administrator, agt. Mead, excentor; funds directed paid com-plainant. Capitol Hill Brick Company agt. Green; John W. Acker allowed to intervene.

CIRCUIT COURT-Judge Montgomery Yesterday Scott agt. District of Columbia; jury disagreed and discharged. Burdest agt. Winslow; on trial.

